



GERRY ANDERSON'S

SPACE

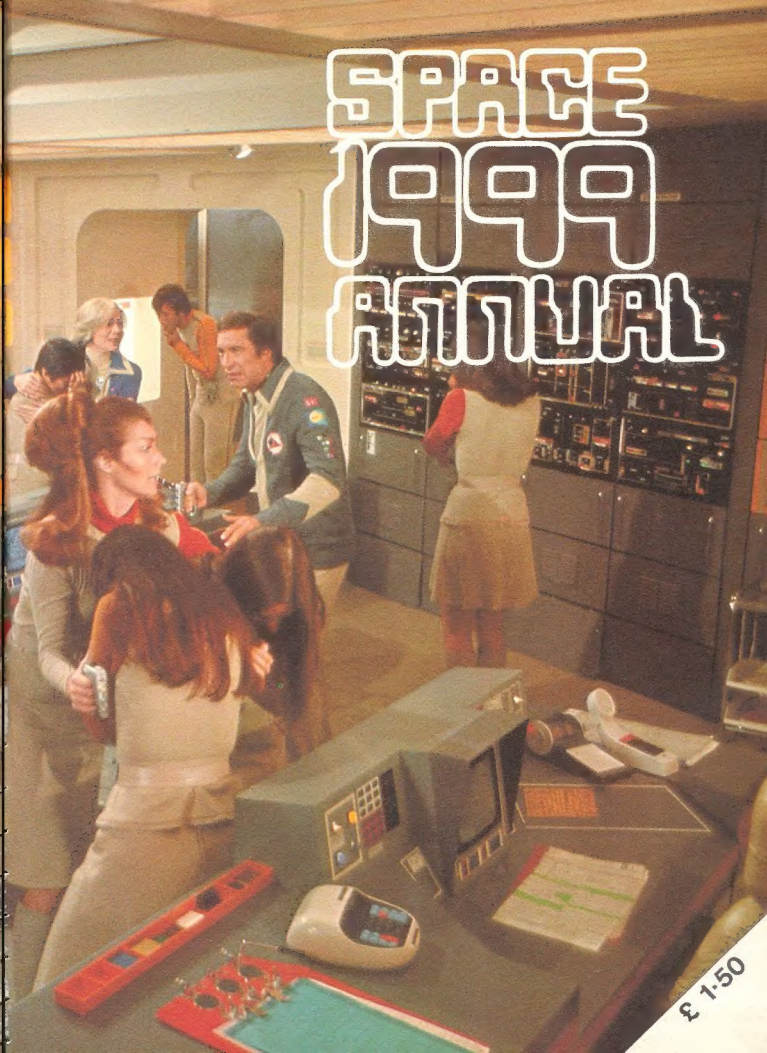
1999

ANNUAL



Authorised edition based on
the popular ITC Television series





SPACE 1999 ANNUAL

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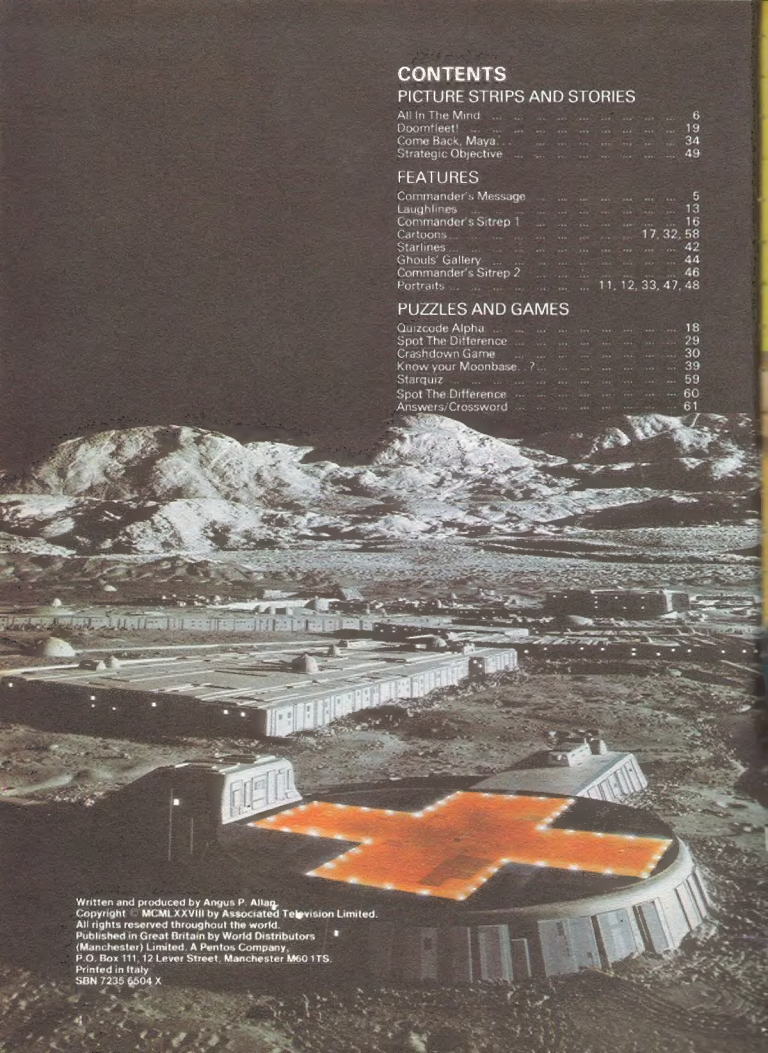
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ATTENTION ALL READERS!

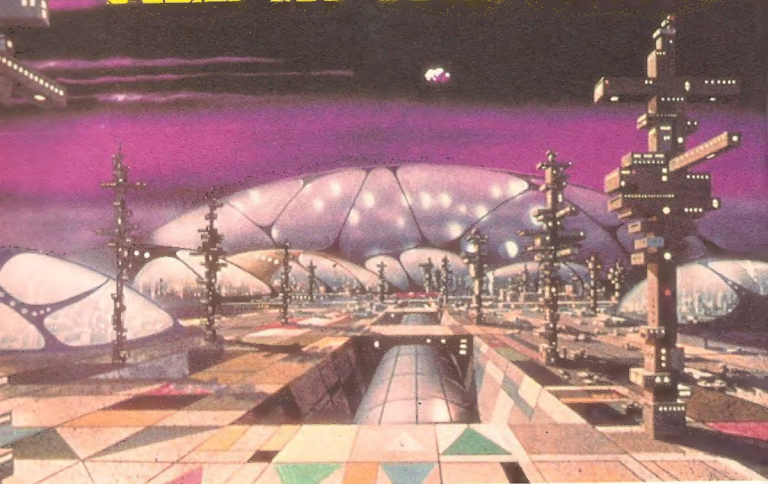
Once again, you have chosen to join us on our journey through the unknown! To share with this community of space castaways, torn bodily with the Moon from the orbit of mother earth, all the dangers, all the heartstopping perils of a quest for

a new home, a new sense of purpose. As Commander of Moonbase Alpha, I can only welcome your company. My colleagues and I salute you. . . .

John Koenig



ALL IN THE MIND!



It's a fabulous place! The great, domed buildings! The incredible towers! You should see the purple of the sky!" Eagle pilot Danny McGower's voice had risen in excitement, and the big video screen in Main Mission, Moonbase Alpha showed his eager face. "There's some kind of landing field ahead! They're giving me visual signals! Commander - I *know* they're telling me welcome!"

There was utter silence in Main Mission, apart from McGower's exultant commentary. Commander John Koenig took one swift glance around the ashen, incredulous faces of his staff, and spoke harshly into his comlock. "Danny. Overfly, do you hear me? Do not - repeat, do *not* attempt to land!"

"Oh, boy! It really *is* a sight, this city!" The pilot just hadn't heard him. "Believe me, this has *got* to be a new home for us!"

"McGower! For pity's sake break off, man! You're going to crash!" Koenig rounded on Tony Verdeschi, the controller. "Emergency smashdown units to area K! Helena? Rig the hospital bay at once. All personnel on standby!"

"What - what's happening to Danny?" Sandra Benes looked up, her eyes filled with desperate disbelief.

"He's hallucinating. I don't know why. I don't know how. But something - someone - has implanted an idea in his mind that he can't shake off. He can *see* this incredible city he describes. It's real to him, Sandra - and there's nothing any of us here can do about it!"

For Eagle Six, with Danny McGower at the controls, was in no way anywhere near a glittering alien civilisation. It was nowhere near any kind of unknown planet. It was coming in, nose down and engines retarding, straight for a dismal expanse of broken rock and fissured ground not half a mile from the Alpha complex itself. Homing in on its own Moon!

Crash tenders - converted moon buggies - raced from the airlock exit ports at area K. The men at the wheels stared in horror as the big Eagle checked - cut motors. Activated landing ramps. But far, far too late. Danny was sure he was about to touch down on level concrete - but the beak of his craft slammed sickeningly into a pinnacle of moon-rock and sheared at the neck! Next instant, the whole body of the craft cartwheeled, to land on its back and lie for one split second before blasting apart in a terrifying explosion of searing savagery!

Of Eagle Six and its flier, not one single, solitary trace remained!

It was Koenig himself who headed the inevitable Court of Inquiry – though God alone knew what it hoped to establish in its findings. It was surely impossible to say what had made the luckless Danny McGower go so blindly to his doom.

"His medical history was absolutely normal, John," said Doctor Helena Russell, tossing the man's file to the commander. "No history of bad dreams, emotional upset. Nothing."

"Look. Let's take it from the top again. He was on a purely routine flight. A straightforward checkout of the blind side of our Moon." Koenig steeped his hands and sat back in his chair. "For no apparent reason, he suddenly believes he's away investigating a nearby planet. Yet there *is* no planet. Something got to him – and it got to him around the other side. I suggest that I re-fly his mission . . ." he held up his hands to stem the immediate chorus of protest. "That I fly out, along with, say, Maya and Alan Carter, and see what happens. As a safety precaution, just in case something makes us hallucinate in the same way, an over-rider will be installed on our

Eagle, so that Main Mission can cancel our manual control and bring us safely back to dock. Any objections?"

The other members of the court shook their heads. They could hardly fault their commander's logic.

So it was that Eagle One, with John Koenig at the controls, Alan Carter as back-up, and Maya as observer, made its lift-off from pad one. And so it was that, no sooner had they traversed the horizon that carried them out of Main Mission's direct vision, it happened!

"Will you look at that!" Alan Carter was half out of his seat. The unfriendly terrain of the Moon had gone, and now there stretched away from them a glorious vista of silvery vegetation – a metallic jungle bathed in the strange, luminous glow of a purple sky!

It was uncanny. In that very moment, none of the three of them related mentally to the quest on which they'd come. Koenig said: "You've got to admit, it's a pretty place. Hey – I think I can see animals down there! See? A herd of creatures who look like some kind of buffalo!"

Maya gripped his arm. "Then the atmosphere must be breathable, John! It could be that this planet *is* a possibility for us. We could alert Moon-base and have Project Exodus in operation within the hour!"

Turning on its back, the Eagle exploded with terrifying savagery!



"Ah, hold on, Maya." This time it was Alan Carter. "Could be there are intelligent beings here who'd resent our intrusion. We'd better overfly and check up, first."

Nodding, Koenig pushed forward the thrusters, and the Eagle blasted at top speed above the surface of the apparent paradise. Way, way in the distance, the domes and towers of some kind of city came into view. . . .

"I'll call Main Mission and tell them the good news."

The commander's voice chilled Tony Verdeschi, Sandra Benes, and the other watchers and waiters in Alpha control. They tried verbal contact, without result.

"Do we over-ride and pull them back?"

"No. They've got the same bug that did for Danny McGower - but they're in no immediate danger if they don't try to land. Let them stay with it. . . ."

Now it was David Kano's voice. Urgent. Horrified. "Oh my stars! Tony! The computer's showing a fault in the over-ride box! There's a burnout on circuit three! We can't take control, even if we have to!"

Completely unaware of their true situation, Koenig, Maya and Alan overflowed the fabulous city. They could see people there - tiny figures of humanoid aspect, staring up at their craft.

Koenig found himself hurled back by a bolt of blasting energy!

"They want us to land," said Koenig. "But I'm going to play it cautious." He had no memory of McGower's fate. "There's an area outside the limits - flattish ground. We'll put down there."

By some miracle, the particular part of the Moon - for in reality, that's exactly where they still were - was flat. And the Eagle touched in without mishap. "You two stay here for the moment," said Koenig. "I'm going to take a look outside."

Alone, but fully suited up in case of mishap, John Koenig clambered down the exit ladder and stood gazing around him. To his eyes, there were cave-like entrances on his left, and he fancied he saw a figure briefly come into view, spot him, and then run back out of sight. Warily, he approached, walked into the cavern. Instantly, he was flung back by a blast of electrical energy that seemed to envelop his whole body!

Shaken, but otherwise unhurt, he picked himself up. His comlock wouldn't work. Neither, to his consternation, would his stun-gun! The forcefield must have wrecked them both.

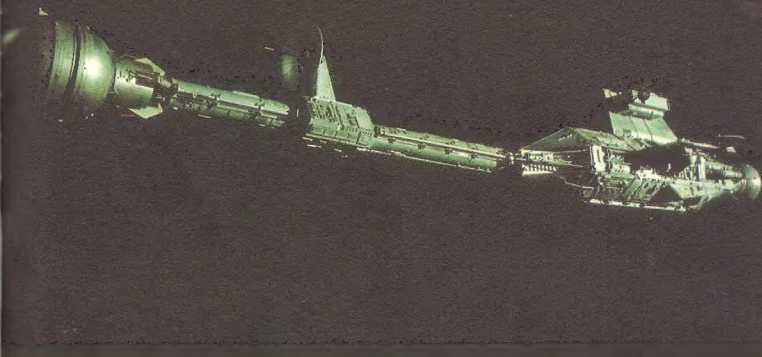
"I come in peace," he yelled, embarrassingly aware as he said the words that they sounded over-theatrical. "I mean you no harm. . . ."

"Then why did you give no recognition signals on your approach?" The voice seemed to boom at him from nowhere. It was all around him.

"What. . . ? Recognition signals. . . ?"

"Oh yes, we saw you were not from Algar," went on the voice. "So we made as if to guide you to our spaceport. But you declined to land. You overflowed."





There, above, was an alien craft – massive and menacing!

Such behaviour is suspicious to us! *Are* you indeed from Algar?"

"Who – *what* is Algar?" Koenig's bafflement was genuine, and must have sounded it.

"We Promorians have been at war with Algar for years. Yet we have made a truce. Now we are led by informants to believe that Algar plans to sneak in and conquer us, though Algar of course denies it. . ."

"We are from Earth," said Koenig. "We are castaways on a Moon that was blasted out of orbit by an explosive reaction of nuclear waste. We seek only a new home. . ."

"Then you . . . *wait!*" The voice took on a harsh edge. A pause . . . "You *lie!* Your purpose was to distract us while Algar made their attack! For this treachery you will be first to die in the reopening of our war!"

Instinct guided Koenig. He turned on his heel and raced from the cavern, aware now that it sheltered some kind of defensive installation. As he raced for the Eagle, he looked into the sky, a sky now black with the onset of planetary night, and saw a gigantic ship hovering – a ship whose every aspect suggested menace!

"Alan! Get her off!" Koenig scrambled back into the Eagle and slammed the entry port. "I can't tell you much except that we've hit a planet in a state of war, and they think we're part of it!"

The Eagle blasted upwards on its vertical ram jets and, almost at once, a snaking burst of fire twisted up from a concealed ground battery, smashing the outer rear engine and sending the craft

dizzily off course! Koenig threw his weight to assist Alan Carter at the controls, and together they brought the heavy craft round, under the belly of the big alien attacker, whose own guns had opened up on the ground with terrible ferocity! Maya, crouched back against her seat, watched as lancing streams of ray-power tore into the distant city and sent towers tumbling into the vast domes where, perhaps, thousands of people were dying!

"We've got – to set course back – for Moonbase," gasped Koenig. And as he said it, he knew that he had no idea where Moonbase lay. His wide eyes sought Alan's, and the realisation flashed between them that they'd never be able to regain their base!

"How – did we get here. . .?" They spoke exactly the same words at exactly the same moment!

Over their switched-on monitor came the deeply intoned words – not of the same quality as the voice that Koenig had heard, but in grim, metallic syllables. "Promorians! Heed the might of Algar! We who staff this ship are robots. We fear no death, for we have no life. Our mission is to destroy your planet utterly. Since Algar cannot take it in conquest, it must cease to exist!"

An intense red light spread into the cabin of the Eagle as raw beams from the huge attack ship spread down over the land beneath. Koenig, Carter and Maya involuntarily clutched at each other as they saw the very terrain begin to crumble and split, as though the planet was literally tearing itself apart! Long tongues of volcanic fire reached up for them, and they knew they too were about to perish in the holocaust!

"O kay! It's *fixed!*" David Kano yelled desperately round at Tony Verdeschi, and the Main

Mission controller threw the switch that brought Eagle One onto over-ride. Keyed up to fever pitch, he and his colleagues watched as slowly, under their command, Eagle One slid into view over the starboard horizon and came drifting down to launch pad one. . . .

It was a stunned Commander Koenig who emerged. A Koenig who remembered only a confused pattern of events. Maya - Alan Carter - both were the same. None of them could give Verdeschi or Doctor Helena Russell anything like a coherent account of what had happened to them. The truth in fact would never have been known had it not been for the advanced medical technology of Moonbase Alpha, which allowed their brain-patterns to be probed, and the results fed into the complex system

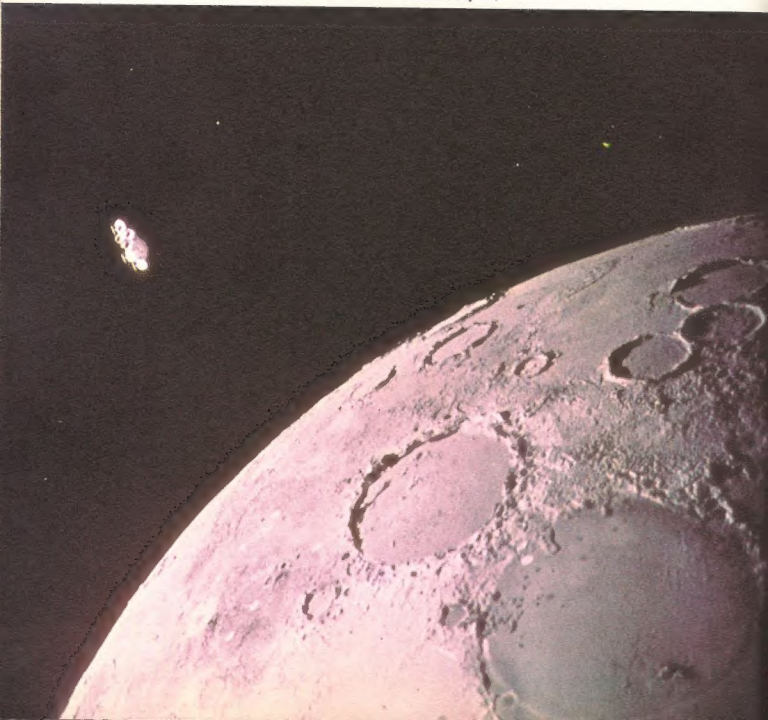
of Kano's computer.

It seemed there was a planet - Promor. Many centuries before, it had been attacked and utterly destroyed by its enemies from Algar. It had been destroyed on the very spot in space through which the wayward Moon had passed . . . and like a ghost, its existence had prevailed.

"Like some kind of eternal thought image in space, it lies there," said Koenig, soberly, after he and his team had been returned to duty. "And we, somehow, had the super-physical capacity in our minds to detect its story and re-live it. We must have skimmed through its zone of influence . . ." He spread his hands and looked round. "Is there any *other* explanation. ?"

There was proof enough. In the grave of one deluded Eagle pilot, and the smashed outer engine of Eagle One, now undergoing repairs in the maintenance bay . . .

Safely under Main Mission control, Eagle One appeared over the Moon's horizon. . .





Commander
JOHN KOENIG
and Chief
Medical Officer Doctor
HELENA RUSSELL

U-J-C

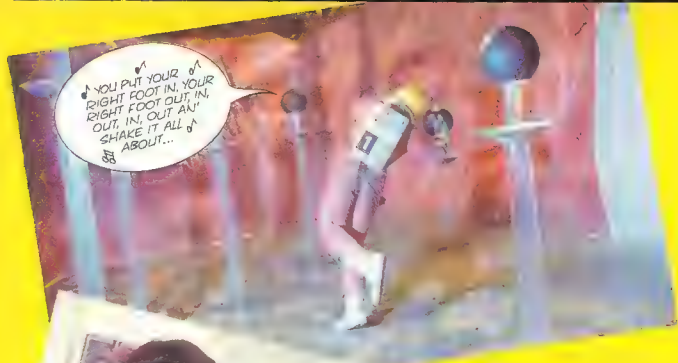
A close-up portrait of Sandra Benes, a woman with dark, wavy hair, looking directly at the camera with a slight smile. She is wearing a light-colored top and a necklace. The background is a warm, out-of-focus orange and yellow.

Assistant Controller

**SANDRA
BENES**

LAUGHLINES







COMMANDER'S SITREP - I

ALPHA LOGBOOK. MOONDATE 3313.
SITUATION REPORT BEGINS.

At 0900 hours Crewman 2nd class Thomas Elvin Tollan suffered sudden severe nervous breakdown. Held duty controller Maya at gunpoint, secured comlock to records department, donned protective suit and attempted destruction of major personnel files. Proceeded to Central Core danger area. Prevented by self from entering final lock. Was sedated, made complete recovery by 2130 hours. SITUATION REPORT ENDS.



ANOTHER ENTRY FROM COMMANDER KOENIG'S PERSONAL LOG ON PAGE 46!

MOONBEAMS



LANDING FEES, REGISTRATION TAXES,
CLEARANCE DUES... IT'S JUST LIKE HOME!



GOOD GRIEF! HOW MANY TIMES DO I
HAVE TO TELL YOU NOT TO DO YOUR YOGA
PRACTICE WHILE WE'RE LANDING???



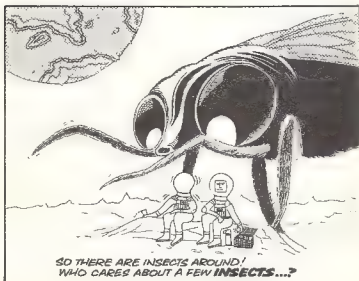
OKAY -- WHICH JOKER PUT FERTILITY
PILLS IN THE EAGLES' FUEL...?



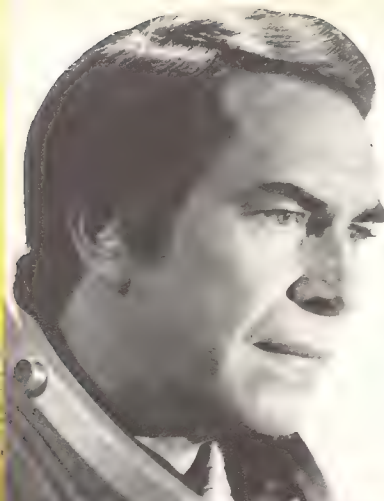
OOH GOODY! TINNED FOOD!



THE NOISE ABATEMENT PEOPLE
ARE COMPLAINING ABOUT THE ROW
WHEN WE WIND IT UP...



SO THERE ARE INSECTS AROUND!
WHO CARES ABOUT A FEW INSECTS...?

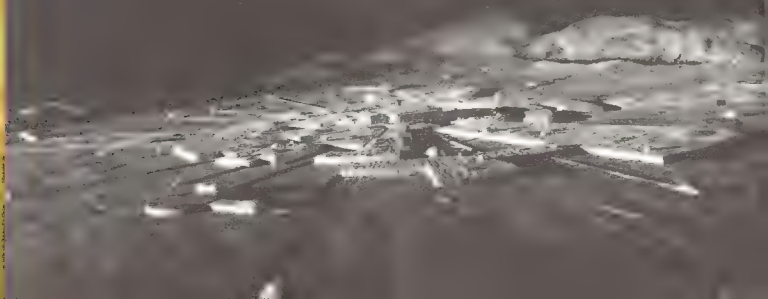


QUIZCODE ALPHA

Commander Koenig receives a print-out message from an alien planet via the Main Mission computer. The message is in an unknown alphabet, as below. Given the breakdown that the computer supplies, how quickly can *you* decode the message? Check your result on page 61!

Message □ΔΣ□Δ□ □+ UCV+□□ □+□ W□3□ HUVΔ
+□88+□□ 4□□WΔ34 □Δ□Δ □+□□ □ΔΣΔ3□
□+□ 1+□83□□□□-Δ Σ□□□ W□Δ □ΔΔ84-
+□ 3□□-□□Δ3□□□□ □Δ□□34

Key A B C D E F G H I J K L M N
3 E 1 8 Δ ∇ Σ □ □ 8 Λ † □ C
O P Q R S T U V W X Y Z
+ 8 H □ 4 W d b Σ ○ □ ▽

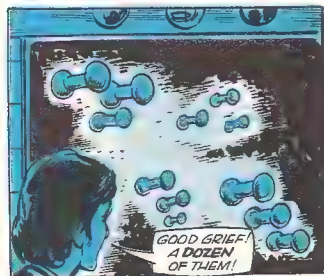
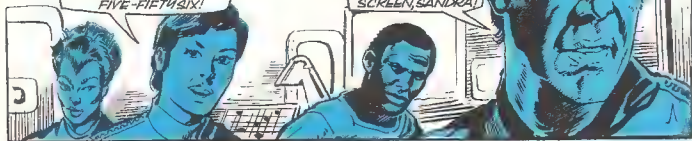


DOOMFLEET

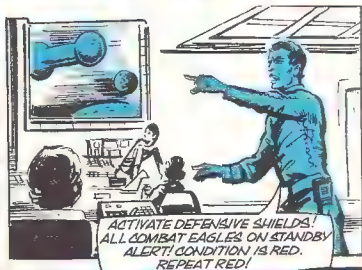
THE TENSE VOICE OF SANDRA BENES CUTS THROUGH THE HUM OF CONVERSATION IN MAIN MISSION, MOONBASE ALPHA...

COMMANDER KOENIG!
I HAVE CONTACT!
ALIEN VESSELS ON GREEN
SECTOR, BEARING
FIVE-FIFTY-SIX!

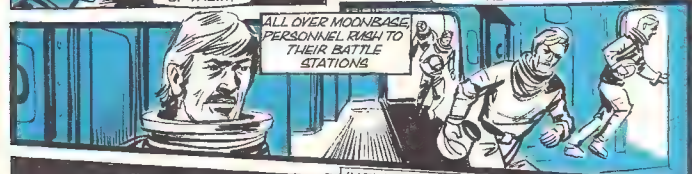
PULL THEM UP ON
SCREEN, SANDRA!



GOOD GRIEF!
A DOZEN
OF THEM!



ACTIVATE DEFENSIVE SHIELDS!
ALL COMBAT EAGLES ON STANDBY
ALERT! CONDITION IS RED.
REPEAT RED!



ALL OVER MOONBASE,
PERSONNEL RUSH TO
THEIR BATTLE
STATIONS



SHIELDS ACTIVATED!
LASERS READY,
COMMANDER!

DEFENCE
CONTROL

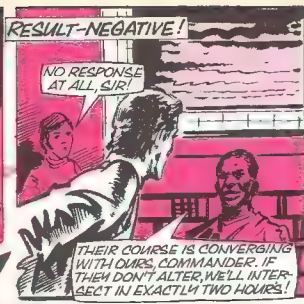
IN THE MEDICAL CENTRE, DOCTOR
HELENA RUSSELL PREPARES FOR
ANY EMERGENCY...

OKAY HERE,
JOHN!



RIGHT, SANDRA.
SEE IF YOU CAN
RAISE THEM!
LET'S FIND OUT
WHO THEY ARE
AND WHAT
THEY WANT!

THERE'S ONLY ONE THING FOR IT.
EAGLE ONE BLASTS OFF--ALAN
CARTER AT THE CONTROLS,
JOHN KOENIG BY HIS SIDE!



RESULT--NEGATIVE!

NO RESPONSE
AT ALL, SIR!

THEIR COURSE IS CONVERGING
WITH OURS, COMMANDER. IF
THEY DON'T ALTER, WE'LL INTER-
SECT IN EXACTLY TWO HOURS!



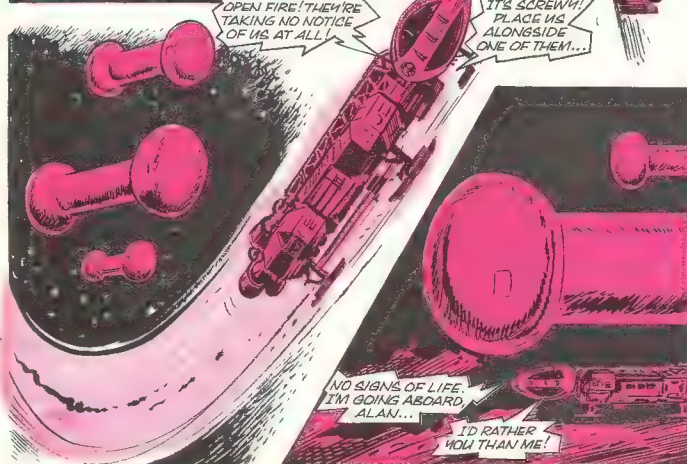
WHAT DO YOU
MAKE OF IT,
COMMANDER?

THEY CLOSE
ON THEIR
OBJECTIVE...

I DON'T KNOW,
BUT WE'D BETTER
BE READY FOR
ANYTHING!

WELL THEY DIDN'T
OPEN FIRE! THEY'RE
TAKING NO NOTICE
OF US AT ALL!

IT'S SCREWY!
PLACE US
ALONGSIDE
ONE OF THEM...



NO SIGNS OF LIFE.
I'M GOING ABOARD,
ALAN...

I'D RATHER
YOU THAN ME!



A RECOGNISABLE SYSTEM OF AIRLOCKS
ALLOWS KOENIG ENTRY...

EMPTY!
ALL SYSTEMS
SHUT DOWN!

ON HIS COMMANDER'S INSTRUCTIONS,
CARTER CHECKS OUT OTHER SHIPS...
WITH THE SAME RESULT!

THE WHOLE FLEET'S
ABANDONED, SIR!
IT'S JUST BEEN
LEFT TO DRIFT!

BUT WHY?
IT DOESN'T
MAKE SENSE.

BUT AN EXAMINATION OF THE REAR
SECTORS OF THE SHIP PROVIDES
THE ANSWER!

THIRTY MINUTES LATER...

SOMEWHERE IN SPACE A PLANET HAS
AGREED ON TOTAL DISARMAMENT, ALAN!
AND THEY'VE ABANDONED ALL THE
INFERNAL PARAPHERNALIA OF WAR
TO LOSE ITSELF IN SPACE!

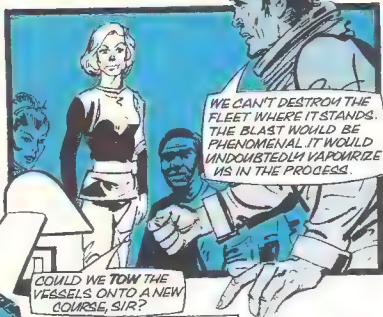
MY STARS! WARHEADS!
WEAPONS AND EXPLOSIVES!
A GIGANTIC ARMS DUMP!

YEAH! EXCEPT THE
WHOLE SHEBANG'S
GOING TO FALL ON
TOP OF US! WHAT
DID KANO SAY...?

IT MEANS AN IMMEDIATE
TOP-LEVEL CONFERENCE...



THE GODS!
WE'VE ONLY GOT AN
HOUR AND A HALF
TO TAKE AVOIDING
ACTION!



WE CAN'T DESTROY THE
FLEET WHERE IT STANDS.
THE BLAST WOULD BE
PHENOMENAL. IT WOULD
UNDOUBTEDLY VAPOURIZE
US IN THE PROCESS.

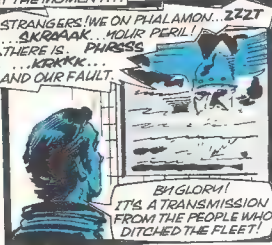
COULD WE TOW THE
VESSELS ONTO A NEW
COURSE, SIR?

AT THE MOMENT...

STRANGERS! WE ON PHALAMON... ZZZT
...SKRAAAK... MOIR PERIL!
THERE IS... PHRSS
...KRRKK...
AND OUR FAULT.



NO WAY.
WE HAVEN'T GOT
THE EAGLES TO DO
THE JOB IN TIME.



BY GLORY!
IT'S A TRANSMISSION
FROM THE PEOPLE WHO
DITCHED THE FLEET!

IT COMES FROM A VAST DISTANCE... A DISTANCE
THAT SCRAMBLES THE CONTACT WITH STATIC,
FADES THE PICTURE AGAIN AND AGAIN...



KRRRTT... SKRRRR...
CANNOT BE ACTIVATED!
SUGGEST YOU EVACUATE
AND... FRKKK... ZZZTTT
... SEND RECOVERY SHIPS...

IS THERE ANY WAY
THOSE SHIPS CAN BE
RE-STARTED? WE HAVE
TO ALTER THEIR
COURSE!

HIS SUGGESTING WE ABANDON
THE MOON. GET OUT OF DANGER
AND WAIT FOR RESCUE. BUT IT
CAN'T BE DONE! WE'VE NO ROOM
TO ACCOMMODATE ALL OUR
POPULATION AT ONCE!





JOHN: OUR EVENTUAL OBJECT
IS SURVIVAL OF THE HUMAN
RACE. SOMEHOW, WE HAVE TO
DECIDE WHO WILL GO...



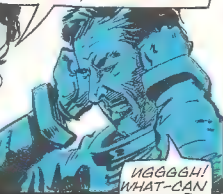
DOCTOR RUSSELL
IS RIGHT, SIR!



AND LEAVE THE REST HERE TO
PERISH IN A HOLOCAUST?
I WON'T DO IT!
I WON'T MAKE THE DECISION!

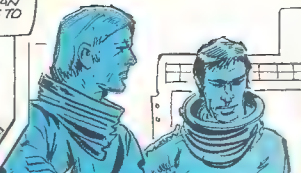


ONE HOUR TO IMPACT TIME,
COMMANDER, DO WE ALL DIE...?



UGGGGH!
WHAT-CAN
-I-DO?

SINGLE POLARITY TRANSMITTER
MAGNETS-CLAMPED TO THE BOWS
OF EACH SHIP IN THE FLEET, AND
A LONE EAGLE, EQUIPPED WITH AN
OPPOSED-POLE DEVICE...



COMMANDER-WHOEVER SURVIVES WILL
START OUR RACE AGAIN... AND ON A
PLANET OF PEACE! IT'S THE VERY CHANCE
WE NEED, NO MATTER HOW TERRIBLE
THE CONSEQUENCES FOR THOSE WHO
WON'T MAKE IT!

NEVER HAS JOHN KOENIG FACED SUCH A
DILEMMA! AND THEN COMES THE STRAW.
THE STRAW HE MUST GRAB AT!



REPELLED
MAGNETISM.
THE
DEFLECTION
OF FIELDS...

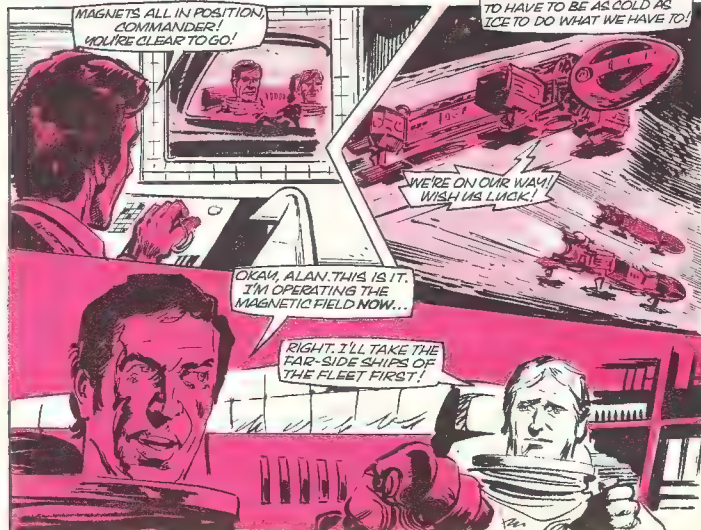
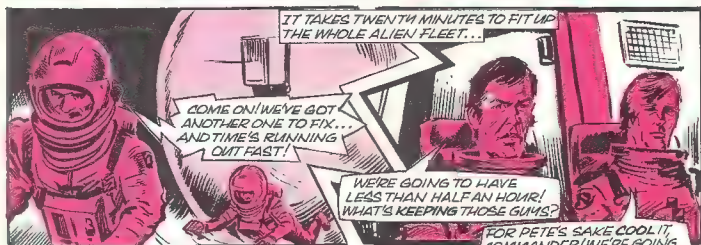
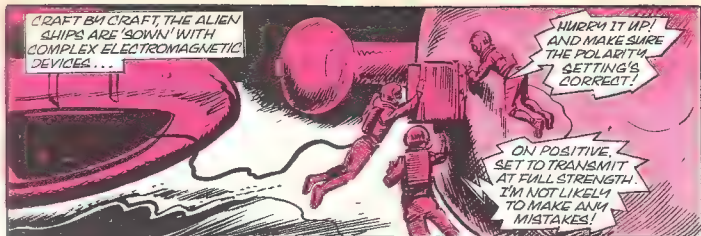


WHAT'S THAT, TONY?
WHAT'S THAT YOU'RE
SAVING...?

FORTH-FIVE MINUTES TO GO!
THE SIX OPERATIONAL
EAGLES TAKE OFF...



GREAT JUPITER! LIKE WE USE FOR
EMERGENCY SOFT LANDINGS WHEN
EAGLE MOTORS CUT OUT.
IT'LL WORK! TONY-IT'LL WORK!



HEAD-ON, THE EAGLE SPEEDS TOWARDS THE LEFT-HAND LEADER!

POWERFUL NEGATIVE MAGNETISM FROM A UNIT IN THE EAGLE HITS POSITIVE MAGNETISM FROM THE DEVICE ON THE ALIEN'S BOW!

IT'S REPELLING!
I'M HAVING TO HOLD US ON FULL STARBOARD CORRECTION... BUT IT'S REPELLING!

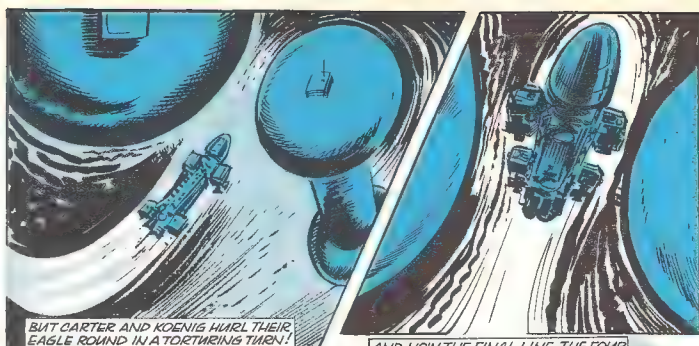
RIGHT DOWN THE LINE, THE ALIEN DOOMSHIPS ARE SWINGING OUT ONTO A SAFE COURSE! NOW ALAN CARTER THROWS TO OVERFLY AND COME IN ON THE CENTRE FILE...

AGAIN AND AGAIN, CARTER RISKS THEIR NECKS IN CLOSE CONTACT... BUT ON THE FOURTH SHIP OF THE MIDDLE GROUP...

THEY'LL EXPLODE!
THEY'LL SET OFF A WHOLE CHAIN REACTION!

WE'LL ALL BE BLOWN TO BITS!

TOO NEAR!
IT'S TURNED TOO SHARPLY...



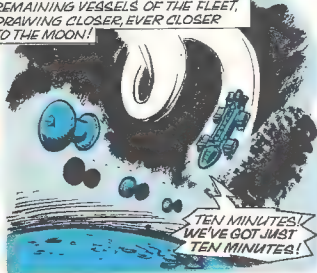
BUT CARTER AND KOENIG WHIRL THEIR EAGLE ROUND IN A TORTURING TURN!



PHWWWW! IF I WAS A CAT, I'D HAVE LEFT EIGHT OF MY NINE LIVES BACK THERE!

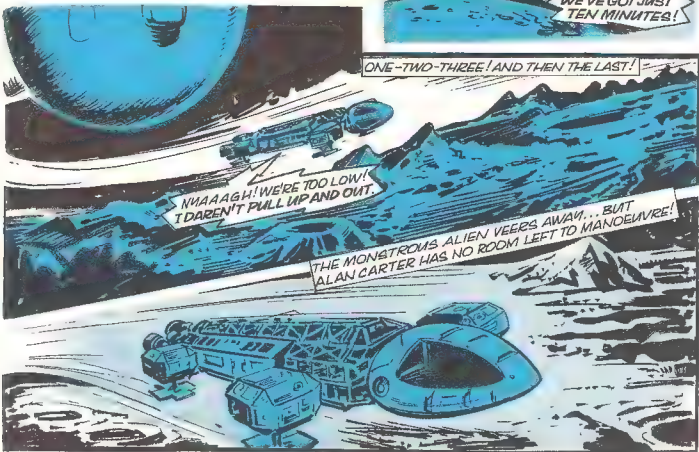
WE SPREAD THEM APART. IT-IT'S ALL RIGHT, ALAN...

AND NOW THE FINAL LINE, THE FOUR REMAINING VESSELS OF THE FLEET, DRAWING CLOSER, EVER CLOSER TO THE MOON!



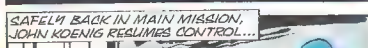
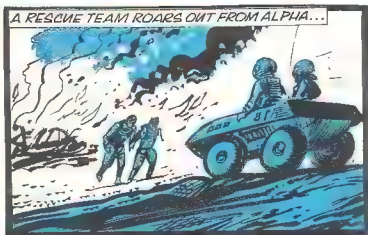
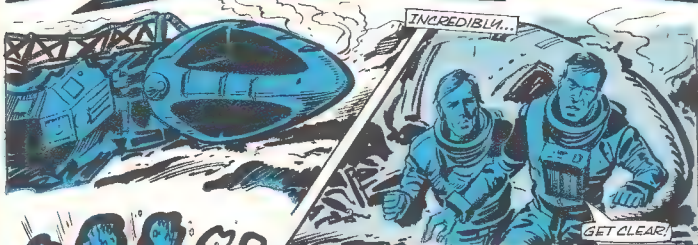
TEN MINUTES! WE'VE GOT JUST TEN MINUTES!

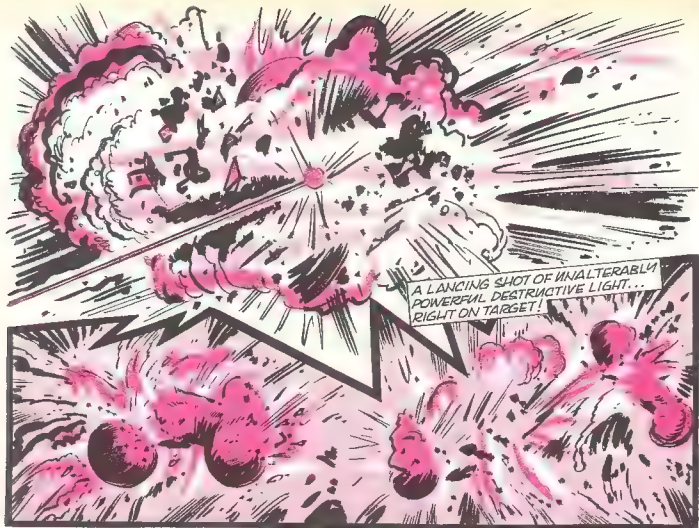
ONE-TWO-THREE! AND THEN THE LAST!



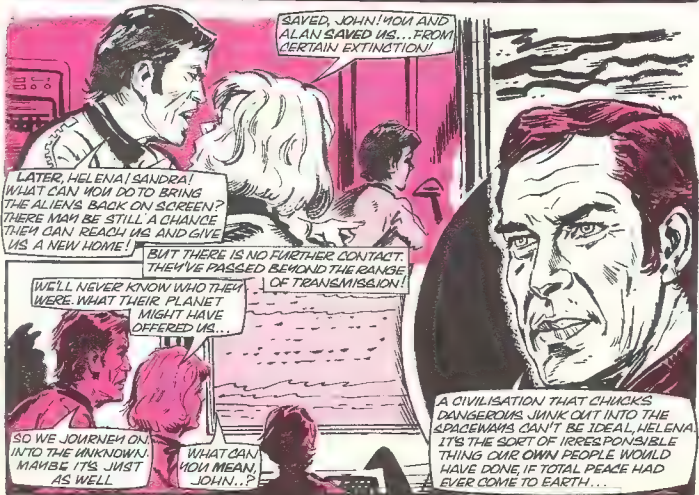
NMAAAGH! WE'RE TOO LOW! I DAREN'T PULL UP AND OUT.

THE MONSTROUS ALIEN VEERS AWAY... BUT ALAN CARTER HAS NO ROOM LEFT TO MANOEUVRE!





A LANCING SHOT OF UNALTERABLY POWERFUL DESTRUCTIVE LIGHT...
RIGHT ON TARGET!



SAVED, JOHN! YOU AND ALAN SAVED US... FROM CERTAIN EXTINCTION!

LATER, HELENA! SANDRA!
WHAT CAN YOU DO TO BRING THE ALIENS BACK ON SCREEN? THERE MAY BE STILL A CHANCE THEY CAN REACH US AND GIVE US A NEW HOME!

BUT THERE IS NO FURTHER CONTACT. THEY'VE PASSED BEYOND THE RANGE OF TRANSMISSION!

WE'LL NEVER KNOW WHO THEY WERE. WHAT THEIR PLANET MIGHT HAVE OFFERED US...

SO WE JOURNEY ON INTO THE UNKNOWN. MAYBE IT'S JUST AS WELL

WHAT CAN YOU MEAN, JOHN...?

A CIVILISATION THAT CHUCKS DANGEROUS JUNK OUT INTO THE SPACEWAYS CAN'T BE IDEAL, HELENA. IT'S THE SORT OF IRRESPONSIBLE THING OUR OWN PEOPLE WOULD HAVE DONE, IF TOTAL PEACE HAD EVER COME TO EARTH...

SPOT THE DIFFERENCE

The pictures below look identical but our artist has made six changes in the one underneath! Can you spot them? Check your answers on page 51



1999

1999



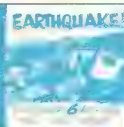
1999



1999



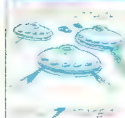
1999



1999

1999

1999



1999

1999



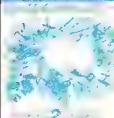
1999

'CRASH'DOWN

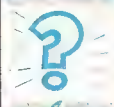
A GAME FOR TWO OR MORE PLAYERS!

YOUR EAGLE HAS CRASH-LANDED ON AN ALIEN PLANET. THE OBJECT OF THE GAME IS TO RETURN SAFELY TO MOONBASE ALPHA. USE BUTTONS FOR COUNTERS, AND MOVE BY THROWING A DICE. SIMPLY OBEY THE INSTRUCTIONS ON ANY FEATURE-SQUARES YOU LAND ON—AND THE FIRST ONE SAFELY HOME IS THE WINNER! IF YOUR FINAL THROW IS MORE THAN YOU NEED TO REACH MOONBASE, IT DOESN'T MATTER. YOU STILL WIN!

1999



1999



1999

1999



1999



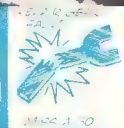
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1999

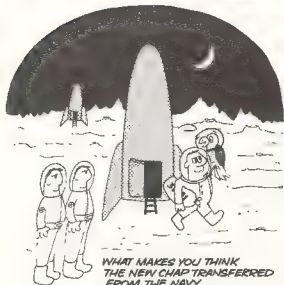
1999



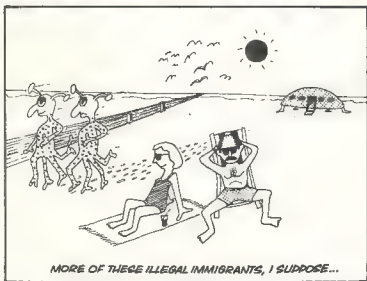
1999



MOONBEAMS

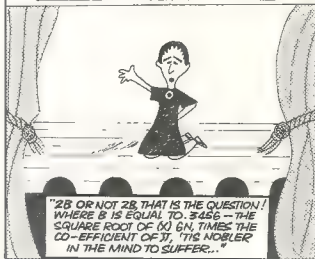


WHAT MAKES YOU THINK
THE NEW CHAP TRANSFERRED
FROM THE NAVY...

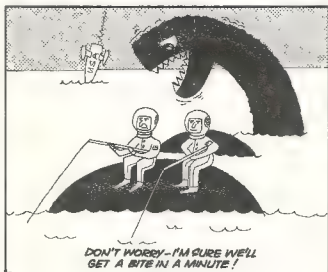


MORE OF THESE ILLEGAL IMMIGRANTS, I SUPPOSE...

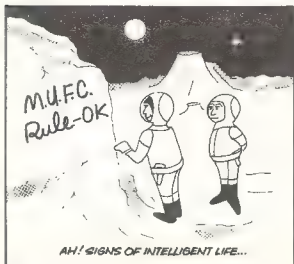
SPACE SCIENTISTS' AMATEUR DRAMATIC SOCIETY Presents 'HAMLET'



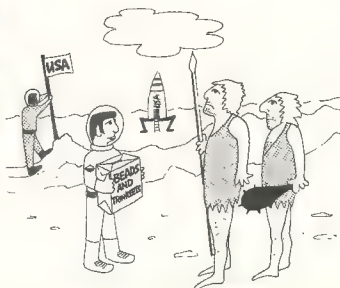
"28 OR NOT 28, THAT IS THE QUESTION!
WHERE 8 IS EQUAL TO 3.456 - THE
SQUARE ROOT OF (X) 6N, TIMES THE
CO-EFFICIENT OF IT, 'TIS NOBLER
IN THE MIND TO SUFFER..."



DON'T WORRY - I'M SURE WE'LL
GET A BITE IN A MINUTE!



AH! SIGNS OF INTELLIGENT LIFE...



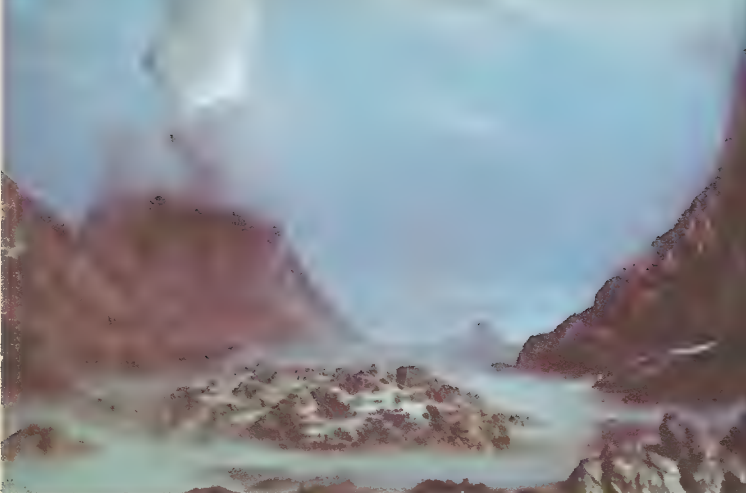
HEY ASKING IF WE GIVE GREEN STAMPS...



MAYA

-ally from the
Planet Psychon





Come home Maya

The planet had loomed large on the Main Mission video screen for two days. Now it dominated the visual horizon, shedding its reflected light over the Moon, due to pass close, but without, mercifully, being drawn into its field of gravity. Yes, there was atmosphere there – and a certain amount of life-support in the way of animal and vegetable creation. But it was no place for Commander Koenig and his space castaways . . . for the planet, termed Garm by its governor, Prenotor Vurkkon, was a penal colony, a global prison for the criminal and political outcasts of the Madurian system. Some ninety percent of its surface was, in fact, totally uninhabitable, being volcanic – basaltic mountains rising from deep sloughs of molten lava and ever-boiling mud.

As Prenotor Vurkkon had said, when Commander Koenig's all-frequencies telecast had reached him, "I sympathise with your quest for a new home, commander. If there is any way for you to divert the course of your Moon, then perhaps you may find your way to the six planets of Maduria. There, they will undoubtedly welcome you . . ."

But Koenig had had to say, "There is no way I

can alter my path. I must go on . . ."

There would have been no further contact, had it not been for Maya. The erratic course of the Moon through space, and the tracks of the planets in her own home system, had coincided once again. True, her origins – the sphere of Psychon – had been destroyed in an explosion as devastating as that which had driven the Moon from Earth's orbit. But she still clung to the vain hope that her father, the misguided genius, Mentor, had somehow escaped doom, and was still alive. She'd told Koenig – "Let me look, John! This is our last possible touch with the system of which Psychon was once a part. If my father *did* get clear, then he'll have been banished here . . . to Garm!"

Koenig had refused. Not sternly, because Maya had become more than just a passenger – an ally. Perhaps it was just that that made him order her to her quarters. He could not afford to take the risk of losing her . . .

And then, defying his command, she had gone one night to Bay Three. She had donned her space-suit and taken off in an Eagle, her destination, the forbidden penal planet!

Koenig faced Prenator Vurkkon on the big video screen. He said: "You say she has made no contact with you?"

"I give you my word, Koenig. Surely, we have found your Eagle - landed, and in one piece. But totally abandoned. There is no sign of the girl, and no clue as to which direction she took after she left it. I have patrols out, night and day. She appears to have vanished into thin air!"

"But - but where could she have gone? You are absolutely sure her father, Mentor, isn't on Garm?"

"But of course! He *did* die. I'm sorry, Commander, but it's fact. I would not lie to you. I have no possible reason to do so."

"Prenator. Will you give me permission to come down with two of my people and search for Maya? I - I can't abandon her."

Vurkkon had smiled. "You will be welcome, sir. I regret I am understaffed, so I cannot offer assistance. But I will be pleased to make you welcome when you have located and recovered your lady..."

Minutes later, Eagle One blasted off from its launchpad, Koenig as supernumerary, Alan Carter at the controls. "What's the landing zone, sir?" asked Carter. "Right down beside Maya's eagle," the commander replied....

To say that Maya was in trouble would be to make a massive understatement. Her impulsive flight to find her lost father had brought her to Garm's surface, but even as she'd touched down, she'd known in her heart that she was being foolish. She had almost decided to take off again and return to Moonbase when, from a low line of rocks to her left, she had seen the fat, thick-lipped, heavily haired and bearded man in the cloak emerge, beckoning to her. It was as if he had known her, and she was impelled to get down and walk over to him. "Maya, my dear," he had said, confusing her. And then, with a grip like iron on her arm, he had swung her round and dealt her a chopping blow across the back of her neck, felling her to the ground as her consciousness exploded and left her in a blaze of stars!

She had awakened to find herself apparently unharmed. But she could not move a muscle. Her breath came in an astonished gasp, for she saw, not only her captor standing benignly beside her, but her own double. *Another Maya...* a creature of flesh and blood, reaching out to touch her!

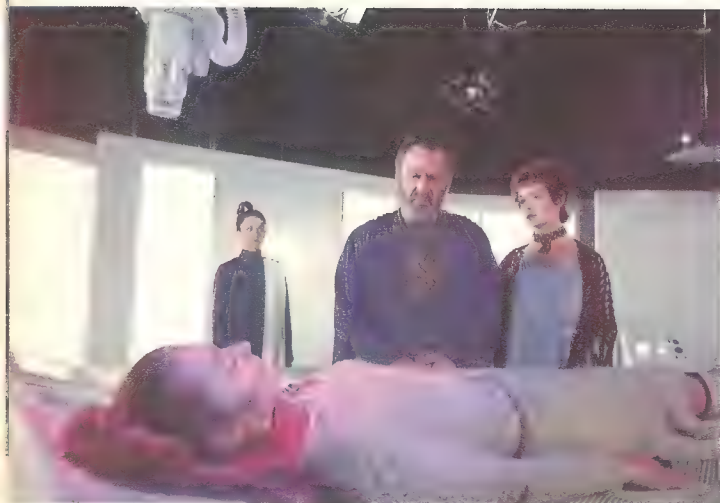
"Whaa..?"

"Aha! You are surprised, my pet?" The fat man chuckled. "Allow me to present the one who will take your place. Oh, no - I cannot expect you to understand everything at once! I shall explain. On

~we need you!

Maya couldn't move! Her double reached out and touched her face...





Vurkkon and his family looked sadly down at Maya's dead body. . .

but her double and the evil genius, who called himself Zuris, to hear her. . . .

this penal planet there are many of my friends. Brilliant criminals who can help me further my aims of domination of the planetary system. Well, I have come here to liberate them - but of course I must have transport. Now then - I monitored your commander's messages to Prenotor Vurkkon, and I learned of your own waywardness into the bargain. It so happens that I have the power to create duplicates of people . . . which is why I am alive today. I made a duplicate of myself - a duplicate which was put to death on Garm for vile crimes, the details of which I shall not trouble to tell you. . . ."

"You - you've made this - this thing that resembles me . . .?" Maya could hardly get her breath.

"Exquisite, isn't she? She has your form, your brain pattern - everything. And now she will take your craft and fly back to your Moon. But once there, she will usurp, and destroy! She will kill your leaders and order the evacuation of all your craft to me! Right here! And then I will take the steps to release my friends from bondage and fly off to regain my position as scourge of the Madurian system!"

Maya started screaming. But there was nobody

Koenig and Carter found nothing. There was no indication of where Maya had gone. It was more than an hour before a bleeping from their Eagle took them back to it, and they found the video screen occupied by a picture of Vurkkon. "Commander. I regret to ask you to come to my city on a rather distressful mission. One of my patrols has just found the body of your friend, Maya. . . ."

Vurkkon, his wife and his daughter had had Maya laid out in their own home. There was no question that she was dead. No pulse, no breathing. She had been found on the main highway from the capital city, and brought in immediately by the security police. When Koenig and Carter arrived to identify her officially, neither of them could trust himself to utter a word without choking. They knew they'd lost her forever.

"There is no way we can tell how it happened," said Vurkkon. "Apparently, she was struck in the back - but by some animal? Perhaps. Certainly not by a vehicle, or I should have known. . . ."

Black with despair, Koenig and Carter set back for Moonbase. . . .

Meanwhile, on Moonbase, an Eagle had arrived. Such was the surprise that nobody thought to get through to Koenig about it. Maya had walked in, apologetically, and had told Tony Verdeschi that she apologised for running off.

She'd been welcomed; fussed over. They were all sorry about her worries concerning her father. Yes, they could have told her that he'd never have survived. Yes, it was time she took a spell off duty for a week or so. Even the normally clear-thinking Helena Russell had urged her to her room, prescribed sedatives. . . .

And from her room, Maya - but it *wasn't* Maya - just the creation of the infernal Zuris, had sneaked out, to club down two of the Alpha security men and snatch a gun! She'd run amok, killing the two standby engineers in the main generating room, had thrown the switches that controlled all internal power! And now - even as Koenig and Carter redocked in Eagle One, she was on her way to shoot down the nonplussed occupants of Main Mission!

The evil Zuris had not foreseen it. Obsessed with his triumph of re-creation, he'd never known of Koenig's visit to Garrm. So his influence was nothing when Koenig was told that Maya was apparently on the rampage.

"It can't be Maya! We've seen her dead!"

And now the girl burst out along the main corridor, and Koenig and Helena were with Kano and signals assistant Connover as they ducked out to face her! "Don't stand there!" yelled Koenig. "Shoot!" Kano and Connover hesitated for a split instant. Then their laser-powered rifles blasted death, and the creature that seemed to be Maya spun backwards to crash into the corridor bulkhead, slide slowly down, and lie still!

"Get her into the nearest room," snarled Koenig.

It was utterly astounding. Nobody spoke. Not Koenig, not Alan Carter, not the duty corporal in charge of the Main Mission Rest Area. For as they laid her in the chair, the body of Maya seemed to decompose. It withered . . . the hair turning white. The flesh falling away . . . disappearing from the gaunt skull that had once supported such a fleshy face. Such a *fat*, fleshy face.

"Commander!" The voice was Sandra Benes, over the intercom telecommunicator from Main Mission. "I have Prenotor Vurkkon for you. He says it's urgent."

Koenig spun round, white to the lips. He thumbled his comlock and was in instant touch with the being on the main monitor screen.

"Vurkkon. .?"

"The body, Commander. I naturally ordered an autopsy. It is not humanoid. It is *fabricated*. The girl is *not* your Maya. . ."





The flesh fell away. Where Maya had sat, now there was only a grinning skeleton!

"Not Maya. .?" Koenig swung back to the ghastly skeleton in the chair, his blood running cold. But then the door of the room sighed open, and the red-haired girl stood there, her eyes soft with apology. . .

"John, I'm sorry. There was no way to let you know. He kidnapped me. . ." She pointed to the leering skull. "Yes, that is Zuris. But he didn't know that while *he* could make a copy of me, I could become *him*. I did so. And forced my own appearance on him. He was so confused, he came up here to do the job of his android. His android was the one Vurkkon found. . ."

Koenig sat down. He lifted his hands to his head

and ran them through his hair. His brain was whirling with baffling images. "You mean to say . . . you were Maya, then you weren't . . . then there was a copy, then it wasn't . . . and you took Zuris's place. . ."

"I can't expect you to take it all in at once, John," said Maya, laying a hand on his shoulder, and ignoring the fact that he flinched, instinctively. "Believe me, I'm me and I'm back. If you want to explain to Vurkkon, do so . . . but tomorrow we'll be heading out of his orbit. He can't ever have known about the plot to release his prisoners . . . maybe it'd be just as well not to tell him."

"The - the plot to release . . .?" Koenig looked up at Maya pleadingly, but she was smiling. "Okay, John - maybe I'd better tell *you* the whole story first. . ."

Do you know your **MOONBASE?**

All true fans of Space 1999 ought to know plenty about Moonbase Alpha and its personnel by now. Study the pictures on this and the next two pages and see if you

can answer the questions that go with them. If you *are* baffled, you can always check the correct answers on page 61.



1. An Eagle comes in to land. Is that red striped centre portion an integral part of the craft, or can it be removed and replaced with something else?

2. It's a vehicle for getting around on the surface outside Alpha . . . but what is it called?





3. An essential piece of equipment for anyone investigating an unknown planet! What is it?



4. This fellow with Captain Koenig. He was tragically killed fairly early on, but he was once a senior member of the Alpha staff. His name?



5. And another vital gadget, that opens doors and serves as a transceiver. You can name this, of course!



6. Another character. This time, the father of one of Commander Koenig's close colleagues. Whose father?



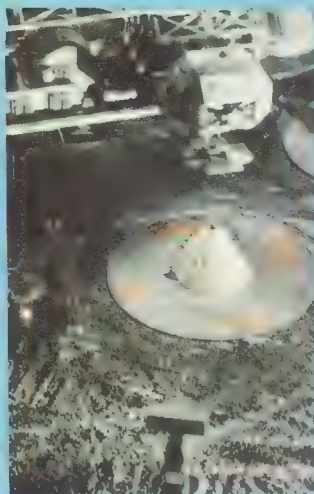
7. The owl . . . and the pussy cat??? But these pictures have something definite in common. Can you say what?



8. Commander Koenig and Maya. Their lap-straps should give you the clue to their whereabouts. Just where *are* they sitting?



9. Not as we usually see her – but who is this character from the series?



10. This Eagle is about to withdraw the contents of a dangerous shaft – contents that were the original cause of the Moon's breakaway from earth. What were the contents?



At the request of last year's readers, some facts and figures about the stars who play the main parts in Space 1999. . .

MARTIN LANDAU – Commander John Koenig. An ex commercial artist, Martin turned to acting because he was bored with drawing-office routine. Joined Lee Strasberg's famous Actors' Studio and landed small parts in various TV shows. First big break came in the television series *Mission – Impossible*, where he played master illusionist Rollin Hand.

BARBARA BAIN – Doctor Helena Russell. Married to Martin Landau, whom she met when she was also playing in *Mission – Impossible*. Once a top fashion model, she switched to acting in the late fifties, having at first wanted to become a dancer. First time she met Martin, she disliked him on sight! Admits that for someone born on a Friday the thirteenth, she's been pretty lucky in her career!



CATHERINE SCHELL – Maya. This Hungarian-born actress, the daughter of a Baron, won the part in *Space 1999* over another 154 hopefuls. No mean feat! She has appeared extensively on television and in films. Coincidentally, her first British production was in a movie called *Moon Two Zero*, so she feels well at home on Alpha!

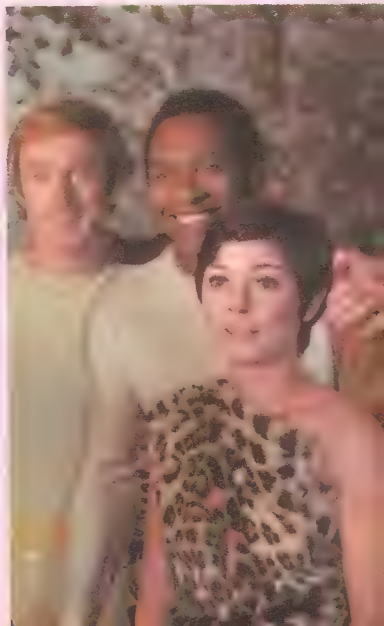
TONY ANHOLT – Tony Verdeschi. The son of an insurance rep, Tony Anholt was born in Singapore in 1941, but spent his early years in Australia and South Africa. A man with a chequered career, he's been a tea-taster, a fancy goods salesman, and a teacher. Tony got the acting bug, took a crash course, and landed his first job in showbiz – appearing on a potato crisps commercial! He was spotted by Producer Gerry Anderson and signed up, first for *The Protectors*, then for *Space 1999*.



NICK TATE – Alan Carter. Currently very busy, and tipped for stardom in his own right, Nick Tate was born in Sydney, Australia, in 1942. With a father and mother both in show business, Nick, quite unsurprisingly, became a child actor. He eventually came to Britain to appear on several commercials, and take minor roles in a handful of popular series. His big break came in *The Canterbury Tales*, where he played a leading role. Back from a tour which actually took him home to Aussie, he landed the part of Alpha's chief pilot.

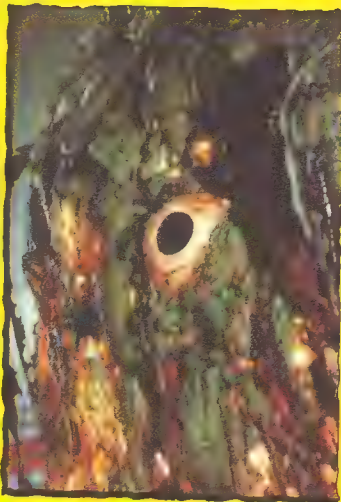
CLIFTON JONES – David Kano. Born in Jamaica, Clifton has lived in England since 1958. He studied at the Conti Stage School, and appeared extensively on stage. He made his tv debut in *Emergency – Ward 10*. Clifton is used to heights – he did national service in the RAF!

ZIENIA MERTON – Sandra Benes. A real citizen of the world! Zienia's father was half English, half French. Her mother was Burmese. She was born in Brunei, brought up in Singapore and Portugal! She studied dancing in London, then turned to acting. She has appeared in many tv productions, but *Space 1999* was her first continuous role.



GHOULS' GALLERY!

Feel like a good shudder? Take a look at these pictures of one or two of the less-attractive aliens who've cropped up in the *Space 1999* series! Know what? On their own planets, they're considered pretty handsome!



COMMANDER'S SITREP -2



**ALPHA LOGBOOK. MOONDATE 3415.
SITUATION REPORT BEGINS.**

Ordered red alert at 1235 hours as unidentified, unresponsive space vehicle landed in sector green-four. Personally led buggy investigation of object. Craft unmanned, inert. Recovered same and placed it in Eagle main bay for examination. Probes detected presence of explosive device within, and object was ferried to far side of Moon and exploded. Its arrival and definite purpose remain a mystery. SITUATION REPORT ENDS.



A close-up portrait of a man with light brown, wavy hair and blue eyes. He is wearing a blue jacket over a yellow turtleneck. The background is a soft, out-of-focus grey.

Chief Eagle Pilot

**ALAN
CARTER**

**Controller Tony Verdeschi will,
Alan Carter and Melissa Russell**



**Commander Koenig and
Alan Carter check a laser rifle**



STRATEGIC OBJECTIVE!

IN A FAR DISTANT GALAXY, THE TWIN PLANETS PROCCROS AND TARNIC REVOLVE ENDLESSLY ABOUT ONE ANOTHER. AND JUST AS ENDLESS IS THE WAR THAT HAS EXISTED FOR CENTURIES BETWEEN THEM. A WAR LONG FOSSILISED IN A STALEMATE THAT BOTH, ON OCCASION, ATTEMPT TO BREAK.

THEREON ROCKETS READY FOR LAUNCH, ZARNAR. THE TARNICIANS WILL HAVE NO DEFENCE AGAINST THIS SALVO!

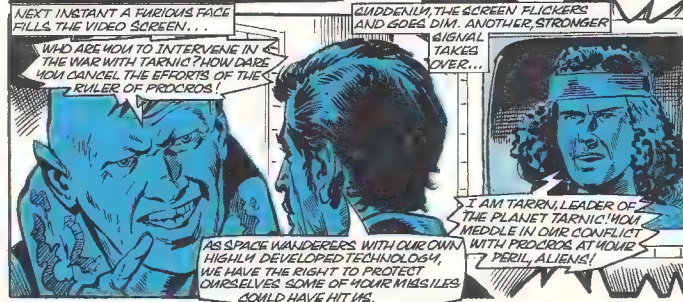
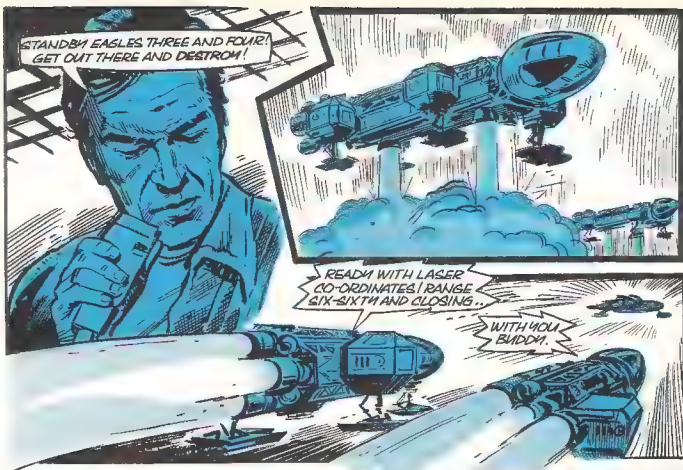
INDEED! THE GENIUS OF OUR SCIENTISTS WILL DEFY THE PUNY FORCE-FIELDS OF OUR ENEMIES! LET THE ANNIHILATION SALVO BE FIRED!

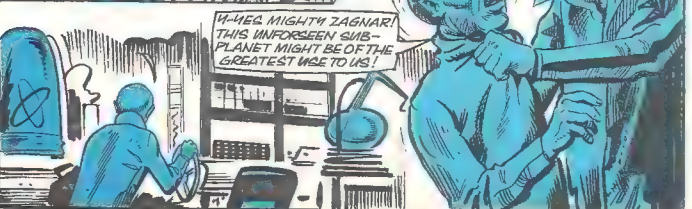
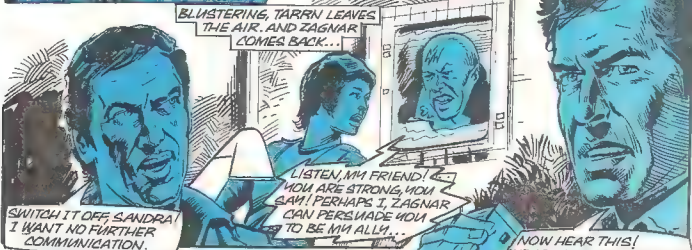
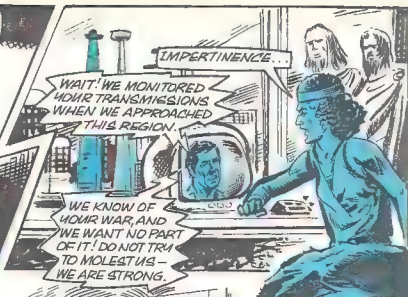
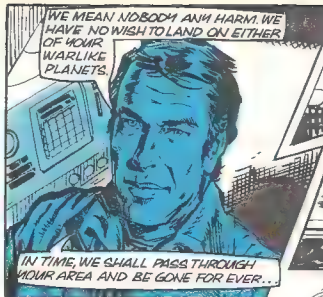
BUT IN THE DEPTHS OF SPACE BETWEEN THE HOSTILE PLANETS A NEW AND UNHERALDED VISITOR! EARTH'S WAYWARD MOON!

MAIN MISSION TO COMMANDER KOENIG!
MISSILE FLIGHT APPROACHING,
RED SECTOR, THREE-ONE-EIGHT!
RANGE FOUR-FORTY!

NO SIR! WE AREN'T THE TARGET
BUT THEY'LL PASS CLOSE
ENOUGH FOR OUR
GRAVITY TO POSE
A HAZARD!

CONVERGING...?







I HAVE ASSESSED ITS POWER, GREAT LEADER! IF WE COULD TAKE IT OVER, WE COULD USE ITS ARMAMENTS TO BOMBARD TARNIG!

I AM NOT YOUR SCIENTIFIC MINISTER FOR NOTHING, ZAGNAR! BELIEVE ME - I HAVE THE MEANS...

TAKE IT OVER? WHY YOU FOOL - WE CAN'T HOPE TO GET NEAR IT.

THEN CARRY ON, SCIENTIST! EXPLAIN TO ME WHAT YOU WILL DO!



THAT NIGHT, A SMALL SPACEPROBE PUTS OUT FROM PROCROS...



UHHH... MAYA...?

JOHN! COME QUICKLY! THERE'S SOME KIND OF SMALL CRAFT CIRCLING US...

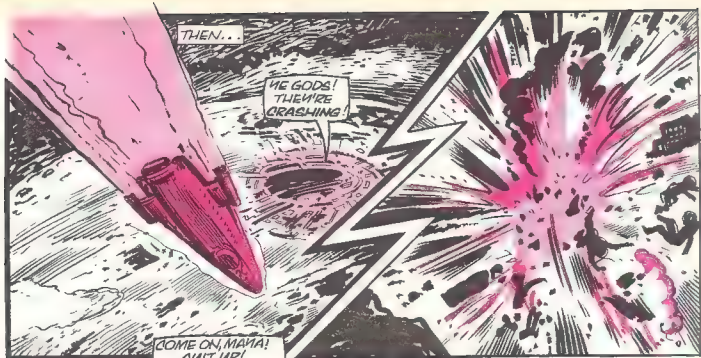


THERE! YOU SEE?

PROBABLY JUST A SURVEILLANCE SHIP REMOTELY CONTROLLED.



NO, SIR, WE'VE HAD CONTACT FROM PEOPLE ABOARD. THEY SAY THEY'RE POLITICAL REFUGEES. THEY'RE REQUESTING PERMISSION TO LAND.

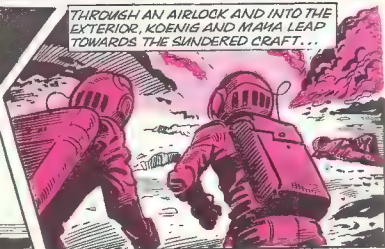


THEN...

THE GODS!
THEY'RE
CRASHING!

COME ON, MAHA!
SUIT UP!
WE'D BETTER GET
OUT THERE!

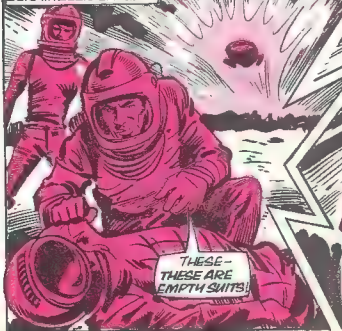
THROUGH AN AIRLOCK AND INTO THE
EXTERIOR, KOENIG AND MAHA LEAP
TOWARDS THE SUNDERED CRAFT...



LOW OVER MOONBASE FROM THE DARK REVERSE
OF THE TERRAIN, COMES A SHUTTLE, EQUIPPED
WITH SCIENTIST DUGAR'S ANTI-DETECTION
SCRAMBLER SHIELD!

A SHAFT OF ENERGY
LANCES DOWN!

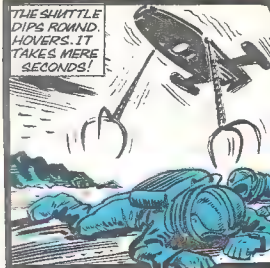
WHAT THE
BLAZES...?



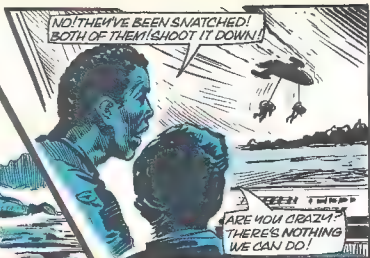
THESE—
THESE ARE
EMPTY SUITS!



THE SHUTTLE
DIPS ROUND.
HOVERS. IT
TAKES MERE
SECONDS!



NO! THEY'VE BEEN SNATCHED!
BOTH OF THEM! SHOOT IT DOWN!



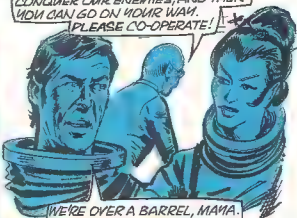
BEEN THERE?
ARE YOU CRAZY?
THERE'S NOTHING
WE CAN DO!

WELCOME, PRISONERS OF PROCROS. YOUR
PEOPLE WILL NO DOUBT TRADE THEIR
MOON IN RETURN
FOR YOUR LIVES...?



YOU-YOU'RE CRAZY.
THEY CAN EXIST
WITHOUT US!

I THINK NOT. COME NOW. WE SHALL
CONQUER OUR ENEMIES, AND THEN
YOU CAN GO ON YOUR WAY.
PLEASE CO-OPERATE!



WE'RE OVER A BARREL, MAMA.
THERE'S NO WAY WE CAN GET
OUT OF THIS!



OH YES THERE IS, JOHN... BUT
YOU'LL JUST HAVE TO LEAVE
IT ALL TO ME!

AND AT THE PROCROS SPACEPORT...

YOU HAVE
HIM, DUGAR!

NOT ONLY THE
COMMANDER,
MIGHTY ZARGAN,
BUT ANOTHER...



MAMA, MAMA...? THE WOMAN WITH THE POWER OF CONVERTING HER ENTIRE BEING TO ANYTHING SHE CARES TO THINK OF COMES DOWN THE STEPS... AS TARNI, RULER OF TARNIC!

H-HOW DID YOU REACH THE 6-616 PLANET...?

DOES IT MATTER? HERE - I OFFER YOU THE HAND OF FRIENDSHIP!

FORGIVE ME, ZARGAN, BUT I CONSIDERED IT TIME THERE WAS PEACE BETWEEN OUR PLANETS. I GREET YOU - AS FRIEND!

B-BUT...TARN? HOW DID YOU... I MEAN, WHY...? BUT-BUT THE WAR BETWEEN OUR PEOPLES IS TRADITION!

HOW IN BLAZES IS SHE GOING TO GET AWAY WITH THIS...?

IN FACT, IT'S ABSURDLY SIMPLE!

DAGAR, YOUR SCIENTIST, IS ONLY FIT TO MAKE WAR. HE WILL MAKE ALL SORTS OF NONSENSICAL EXCUSES. I RECOMMEND YOU TO PUT HIM IN HOSPITAL, AT ONCE!

H-YES AT ONCE! WILL-WILL YOU BE MY GUEST...? SUCH AN OCCASION MERITS A GREAT CELEBRATION...

SURE! THERE IS SOMETHING WRONG! WE CAME AWAY WITH...

SILENCE, YOU FOOL!

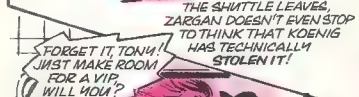
DO YOU WANT TO ENDANGER A NEW ERA OF PEACE WITH YOUR IDIOTIC BABELING? WAR COSTS MONEY!

HIHI AND PEACE MAKES UNEMPLOYMENT FOR PEOPLE LIKE ME!

I CAN TELL WHAT YOU'RE THINKING, FELLOW! BE ASSURED - YOU WILL HAVE A PLACE IN ZARGAN'S CEREMONIAL GUARD!

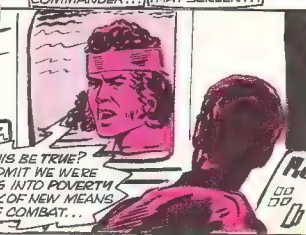
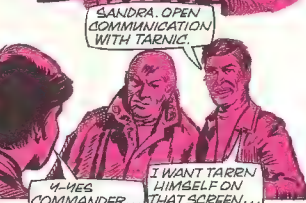
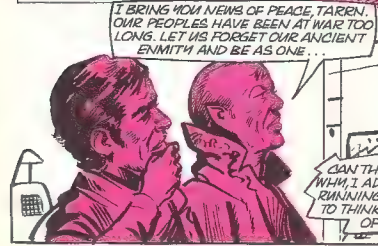


ALERT! ALIEN SHUTTLE APPROACHING-SECTOR RED, FIVE-FIVE!

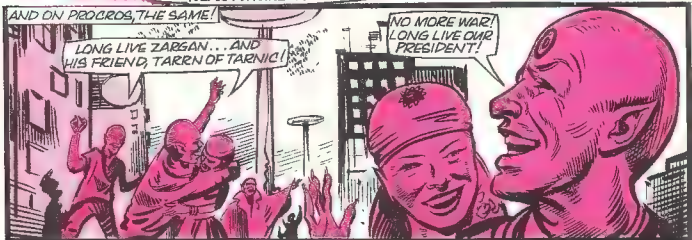
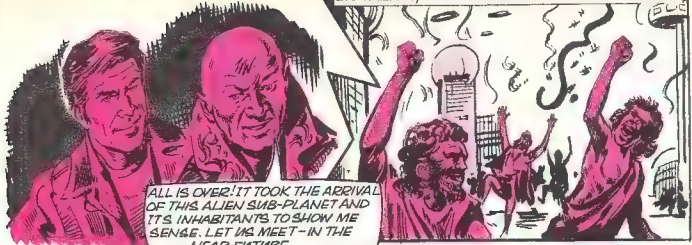


AND THEN...

WITHIN MOMENTS...



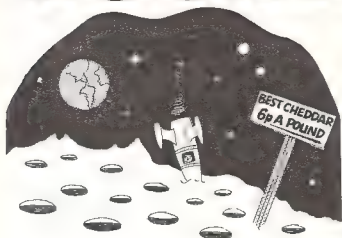
ON TARNIC, THE STREETS ARE GAY WITH FLAGS...



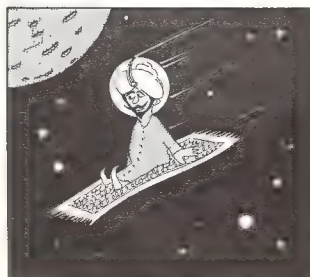
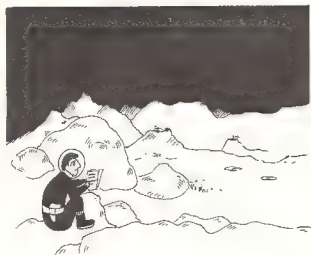
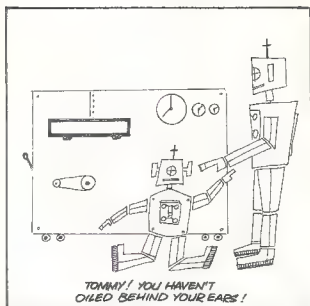
IGNORED, A MOON SPINS ON THROUGH SPACE. A MOON WHERE THE STRANGE POWER OF MAMA HAS WROUGHT A MIRACLE...



MOONBEAMS



MISSION CONTROL...?
YOU'RE NOT GOING TO BELIEVE THIS, BUT...

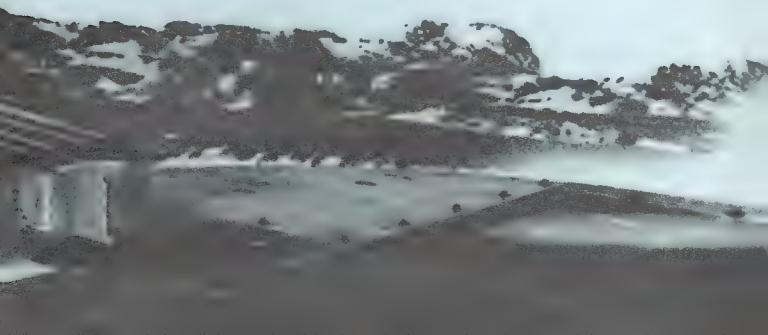


STARQUIZ



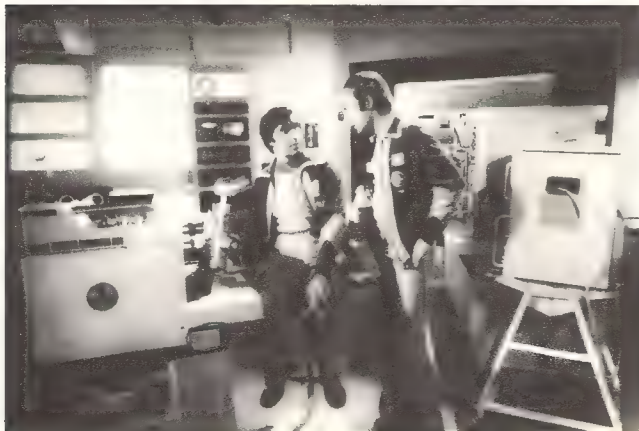
How's your knowledge of our own homely old Solar System? See if you can answer the questions below – and check your results on page 61!

1. Give the date of the first manned landing on the Moon.
2. And what was the name of the astronaut who took the first historic step onto the Moon's surface?
3. The distance of Earth from the Sun varies between about 91 and 94 million miles. True or false?
4. Is the atmosphere of Venus greater or lesser in density than that of Earth?
5. Ceres, Vesta, Hermes, Andromeda. Which is the odd one out, and why?
6. Astrologers said that the position of the planet Pluto was a cause of the First World War in 1914. What's wrong with this statement?
7. Is the legendary Halley's Comet due to make its next appearance to watchers on Earth in (a) 1979 (b) 1986 or (c) 1999.
8. Which is the smallest planet in the Solar System?
9. And which is the largest?
10. Which planet is known as 'The Red Planet'?



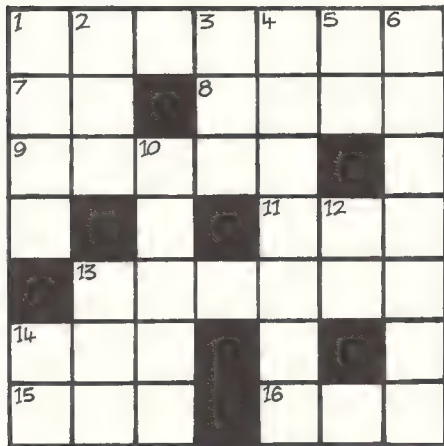
SPOT THE DIFFERENCES

The pictures below look identical – but our artist has made six changes in the one underneath! Can you spot them? Check your answers on page 61.



CROSSWORD

& answers



CLUES ACROSS

- Planet named after chief Roman god.
- Possessive preposition.
- Enclosure for wild beasts.
- To hang immobile in the air.
- Weapon.
- Arrival (as of an era).
- Mineral-bearing rock.
- Non-commissioned officer.
- Declare.

CLUES DOWN

- Koenig's first name.
- A flying saucer.
- Frozen water.
- What missiles aim for.
- For example.
- Spacecraft's return into atmosphere. (two words).
- Screen (as in Main Mission).
- United Nations (abbrev.)
- Discharge between electrical elements.

ANSWERS

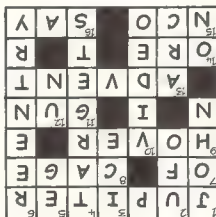
Page 18. Quizcode Alpha. Regret to inform you that life support systems here not, repeat, not compatible with the needs of air-breathing beings.

Page 29. Spot The Difference. Tony's hair; Alien's ear; Panel above Alan's head; Alan's badge; Tony's left elbow; Extra line on Tony's sweater.

Page 39. Moonbase Quiz.
1. Pod; 2. Moon Buggy; 3. Stun-Gun; 4. Professor Bergman; 5. Comlock; 6. Maya's father; 7. Forms which Maya takes; 8. At the controls of an Eagle; 9. Helena Russell; 10. Nuclear waste.

Page 59. Starquiz.
1. 21st July 1969; 2. Neil Alden Armstrong; 3. True; 4. Denser; 5. Andromeda is a distant Galaxy. The others are asteroids within the Solar System; 6. Pluto was not discovered until 1930; 7. (b); 8. Mercury; 9. Jupiter; 10. Mars.

Page 60. Spot The Difference. Alan's left sleeve stripe; Control on top of generator; Panel below microscope platform; Operator's neckband; Top of microscope; Strut on base of right-hand console.







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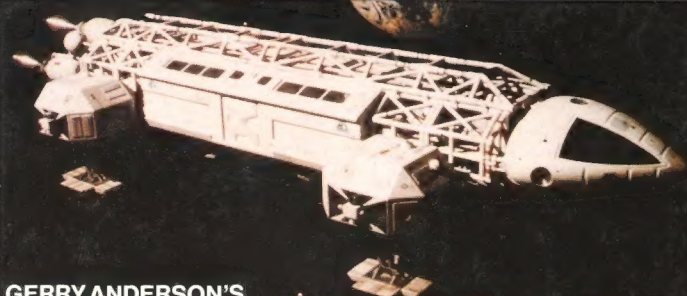
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